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Omaha Beach

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Omaha Beach

1944

1994

by Lee Zorn

Last time I saw this lovely beach
The waves washed gently by
It looked serene and welcoming;
It was a place to die.

I heard the noise of mortar
The clamor and the din
The waves washed in relentlessly
To bring the heroes in.

We held our guns above us
The water reached our heads
We brought our youth and energy
How many were the dead!

The bodies spread out wordlessly
An arm without a hand
A head without a body
Had bloodied up the sand.

The waters run with crimson
The mortar shells they roar
Now men so full of purpose
Lie crumpled on the shore.



We came so young and hopeful
War took it all away
We all were old and broken men
On Omaha that day.

Today the beach is clean and bright
No dark debris remains
Gone are mines and booby traps
Washed out by many rains.

Now grasses grow and birds can sing
The cliffs are clean and bare
The years have washed the stains away
As though we were not there.

But we still see the faces
Of each brave and noble friend
And memory keeps the grief alive
Of that day that would not end.

